

## A Lethal Business

by redcheck15

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## A Lethal Business

BOOK TITLE: Knight Rider  
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>CODE: Crossover-fan fiction. Knight Rider, Team Knight Rider, Lethal Weapon<br>Genre: Mystery, adventure, espionage.

><br>Technicalities:  
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><br>  
>\*\*\*Warning!!!\*\*\*This story contains scenes of violence and profanity. Rated R. Not suitable for children <br>  
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>Author's note: This story and others like it in the series are primarily built upon the idea of various T.V. shows and movies crossing over. This simply means that the characters of various T.V. shows and movies exist in the same world. All character are the sole properties of the original writers.<br>  
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>Story type: Fan Fiction<br>Show: Knight Rider

>Rating: R for violence, profanity and suggestive scenes.<br>

><br>Summery: When TKR tries to break open a baby-smuggling ring, the kidnappers set off explosives in the warehouse, killing themselves and 50 babies in the way station. The government votes unanimously to disband the disgraced group. Its technology has been carefully hidden away as those in power decide what to do with FLAG's technical marvels. But when a criminal organization makes a successful attempt to steal the TKR vehicles for themselves, they too, are betrayed. Two of the five vehicles go rogue. Now the question is: who has them? What is their plan? With the TKR vehicles in the wrong hands, their awesome offensive capabilities can wreak unimaginable havoc upon the unsuspecting populace.

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>Prologue:<br>

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><br>Rick glanced nervously into the night-blanketed forest. It was taking too long...

>The forest surrounding them was smothered in darkness, broken only by the weak moonlight. Crickets, frogs, and other crepuscular animals called into the night, singing their intricate songs. The collage of voices never ceased to be tired. This far into the heart of the forest, no animal had much need of fearing humans. Trees, bushes, creeks, and gullies radiated outward for miles. The territory was harsh and unforgiving. Nature lay claim to its territory, with one sole exception... <br>'Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit,' he cursed.

>Rick regarded the small clearing before him. Furtively, his eyes darted back and forth, hoping against all hope that he would not find what he thought he would find. Every shadow made him more nervous; they gave people places to hide.<br>Damn, it was taking too long.

>'Stupidstupidstupid,' he cursed himself. 'Shoulda never agreed to this stunt. Fucking stupid! Breaking into a fucking Federal building. What a dumbass, lamebrain idea. We're gonna get caught!'  
>For the umpteenth time, he glanced at his watch. Holding the stubby sub-machine gun in front of him, he looked back...

>...at the 3 people who clustered around the door.<br>A tall, skinny man wearing a trench coat became aggravated at one of the shorter ones. He reached out and smacked him upside the head.

>He whispered something fiercely to the other, who cowed meekly, as if expecting more.<br>When the blow didn't come, the shorter one went back to typing on his laptop. The screen glowed with a soft blue light. On its crystal liquid face scrolled computer gibberish. The shorter teenager paused to push his overly large glasses back on his nose. A glare from the taller teen caused his hand to resume his keyboard-walking quickly. A bundle of computer tape and round cable made its way from the back of the laptop, to the jumble of wires protruding from the unscrewed terminal on the wall.

>A set of lights, red, yellow, and green, were set at the very top of the rectangular hole. The red light glowed fiercely, as if it was

daring the intruders to violate its security.<br>The red light began flashing rapidly.

>Then the yellow light, which had remained unlit for the entire time, lit up.<br>Rick held his breath...

>...and without any preamble, or trumpet fanfare, the green light glowed...and stayed on.<br>"Yes!" the tall man cried.

>Rick ran over to join the others.<br>The third teen hissed, "Dammit, keep you fucking voice down Steve! You wanna tell everyone we're here?"

>Steve laughed. "We're miles into the forest asshole. Who's gonna here us here?"<br>The short teen meekly disconnected his laptop with shaky fingers.

>"Uh...s-s-should we n-n-not make our w-w-way ins-s-side?"<br>Rick smiled. He pulled aside his black leather jacket and drew his Beretta.

>"We are going inside. You guarding the door," Steve said.<br>"B-b-b-but..." the small one stuttered.

>Rick laughed coldly, then planted the barrel against the youth's forehead. "Nothing personal, just business."<br>An explosion of sound tore through the canopy of voices.

>Lifelessly, the body of the teen collapsed on the wet ground.<br>"Woo Hoo!" Steve yelled. He lifted up his feet and did a small victory dance. He was power. He was God. He was THE SHIT!

>"Yeah yeah, woo hoo and all that shit," Rick muttered, squeezing past his and turning the knob on the door.<br>It opened.

>All three crammed themselves through the doorway.<br>It hissed shut, closing them off from the outside world.

>A rolling boom echoed in their ears as the door slammed shut. They stood stock still, listening to the echo slowly fade. The warehouse had looked huge on the outside. Now that they were in, it seemed even bigger. An impenetrable veil of darkness enveloped them all. It was dead black. Not one of them could see through the darkness.<br>"Hey Ron!"

>No answer.<br>"Ron, hey holmes you faggot, turn on the fucking flashlight!"

>"Screw you and your momma! I already tried. Fucking thing's gone dead on me!"<br>"Shit."

>The scruffing of feet on concrete floor could be heard as they all began moving around.<br>Bump

>"Who the fuck!?"<br>"Yo homes, it's just me-chill out!"

>"Get your cock-jacking hands offa me man!"<br>"Be cool man!"

>"Yo dudes, someone hit the fucking lights."<br>A voice sneered, "Rick's afraid of the dark."

>"Fuck you and your momma man!"<br>"Shit, don be going to dis my momma man. She be more man than you anyday o' the week."

>"Dat's not what I heard man. Last time, when she was giving me some loving..."<br>"Hey HEY! Assholes, shut the FUCK UP AND FIND THE LIGHTS!!"

>Suddenly, lights fluorescent lights snapped on. To the three teens, the glare was like a supernova. It seared their night-sensitized eyes, causing them to look away from the sudden glare. One by one, they adjusted and turned back.<br>None of them were prepared for the sight that lay in front of them.

>They stood there, gaping, and stared.<br>Finally, Steve found his voice.

>"And at the end of the rainbow..."<br>Rick whispered, the awe evident in his voice. "Ron, man, you know 'bout this?"

>"Naw man," Ron answered, his voice no less awe-stuck. "I had no clue dude. Steve just said they had weapons were. Not a fucking Jumbo

Jet!"  
Steve just began to grin.

>As if they were one, all their gazes travelled up, and up, and up.  
Because of the darkness outside, it had never occurred to them just how tall the warehouse had been. Now each of them realized that the warehouse was huge.

>No, it was more than that. It was gigantic in size. It had to be. The blue-coloured Galaxy Star Lifter situated directly in front of them was akin to a giant bird of prey. It towered over them almost menacingly; a majestic creature dormant, waiting...  
Involuntarily, the gang took a step back. They stood beneath the monolith's nose, each suddenly unsure of what they had found.

>The blue paint on the craft was matted and non-reflective. It covered the fuselage for the entire length; from front to back. The plane's length was nearly as long as an entire football field.  
Of all the teens, Steve was the first to break the silence.

>"Jackpot homes!" he crowed, while taking a stroll over to the gigantic nose wheel.  
"Whoa whoa man, why'dya think you're doing?" Ron asked, fast-walking to catch up to Steve.

>"Yeah," Rick said nervously, hurrying to catch up with the other two. "I think maybe we oughta move man. This looks like some serious government shit."  
Steve turned around and punched Ron in the arm. "Trust me gentlemen, I know what I'm doing!"

>"What, the plane?" Ron said sarcastically.  
"Shut up," Steve shot back. "C'mon guys. We got a date, with TKR."

>Rick, trailing behind the others, shook his head. He didn't really  
know what this was all about, but Steve was a paying man. And as

>long as the payment was coming, Rick would follow. Whoever he  
was, Steve was a smart man, with enough brains to get himself

>somewhere in life. Why he had opted to become who he was  
mystified Rick. But then again, Rick was not the one to argue. Steve

>was smart, got them money, booze, drugs, women-  
And what women! Rick had never seen anyone so confident, so suave, so dangerous with women. They weren't the teenage, giggly, immature and uneducated kind. No, the women that Steve played were rich, sophisticated, gorgeous looking, older, and willing.

>Steve had a gift, he was an incredible con-artist. You could have hated him for all your life, but spend a few hours with him and you would be his next best friend. Rick had seen it so often it became common. So long as they did as Steve asked: kidnap people, drug them, beat them, murder them, he did things for them.  
Rick didn't mind. He was a poor white boy who grew up one among three kids. His father was a loser and his mother was a crack-head. His sister, Daina, was a successful hooker. Like his sister, his brother was a dope dealer, and a good one. There hadn't been much question of what he wanted to do: he was good at killing people.

>He followed Steve, or whoever he was, along the massive belly of the Galaxy class plane. Rick had killed a whole family at the age of 10. All it took was one well-placed match. The family had roasted in their sleep. He felt a familiar heat-wave rush through his body. The screams of two little girls and their parents still echoed in his head like musical chimes.  
Rick had killed, and he would always kill. It was the way with him. His reputation was significantly large. Hell, the L.A.P.D., the FBI, and just about any other law enforcement agency wanted him. He took pride in that. At the age of 17, he was making a name for himself. Kinda like Billy The Kid.

>He looked over at Ron's nervous face as they passed by the broad wings. The wings themselves had some huge engines on them. Funny

thing was, they were all pointed down.<br>Ron was young. He was probably fifteen, if he was a day. He was also their resident lock-smith. Well, resident until today. They had had to get the geek to by-pass the warehouse's computer system. It had befouled Ron, proving that he wasn't as useful as they thought he was. Then again, Rick had broken into a lot of places, and this security set-up was by far the best he had ever seen. Personally, he couldn't blame Ron. But the problem was, Steve didn't pay Ron for failure.

>They hurried to the back of the plane. There they found a long ramp that had been lowered to the ground. It was obvious from the quantity of scratching on the guiderails that it had endured extensive use.<br>As Steve turned and began walking nonchalantly up the ramp, Rick called out. "Hey man, you sure you know what you're doing?"

>Slowing his stride, Steve traversed his head and grinned.<br>The grin was cold, grim, intense. Pure hatred, fuelled by a growing look of vengeance, flashed behind the cobalt blue eyes. It was a message given by a mask of undeniable death.

>Rick, who sold himself as a street-taught mercenary, felt the unpleasant sensation of icicles digging into his spine. He cut his eyes to the teen beside him.<br>Ron was visibly shaking with fear.

>Logically, Rick had nothing to fear. He had done them all: children, mothers, fathers, lawyers, cops. Once his legal social worker advisor had earned from him a pencil through her eye. But he found himself clenching his fists beside his legs, in an effort to stop their slight shaking.<br>"Let's go back," Ron whispered.

>Rick watched Steve's back retreat into the dark belly of the gigantic craft. He had come to the conclusion that this was indeed a government facility of some sort. In that case, it was in his best interest to get the hell out now.<br>Maybe Ron, however chicken he was, had something. If he got caught, then there would be no second chances. He would be tried in adult court and receive the death sentence. His chances were practically zero.

>No way. He had places to go, people to see, a lifeguard he'd been watching and waiting to score named Lani over at Baywatch. She didn't know it yet, but she was about to become his main squeeze.<br>Steve paused just beyond the black orifice. He turned around. The death-adder expression had vanished. In its place was his game face, the one that radiated friendliness, trust, and understanding. Even at the bottom of the long ramp, Rick could feel its infectious effect.

>"Hey guys, c'mon, we're almost there," Steve said in a friendly tone.<br>"Ummm, I don't know Steve," Ron said, a quiver in his speech. "Maybe this is too dangerous. Look man, we got you in. Now you're here. As far as I'm concerned, you're on your own."

>Steve looked beseechingly at them as he made his way down the ramp.

"Guys, didn't I promise you the biggest score of your lives in here?"<br>"Yeah, you did," Ron said, mustering up his courage slightly. "But nobody said anything about a fucking plane. No way you can sell this thing. It's hot government property."

>Steve shook his head from side to side. His manner was maddeningly calm. "Of course you can't. You're perfectly right. There's no way in hell we could sell this plane. Not even we're that good."<br>The use of the word 'we' made Ron feel like a part of the team. Steve thought enough to try and include them in the scheme, make them feel special. It worked, to some degree.

>Steve sighed, his face heavy with sadness. Suddenly, he brightened. "Tell you what. What if I increased your salary to forty million dollars?"<br>Ron looked shocked. "Forty mil-?"

>"Bullshit!" Rick spit out. "Ain't no way you got forty million squired away anywhere man. You got that, you don't need our help no more."<br>"Forty million for us?" Ron said in a small voice, looking over at Rick carefully. He realized Rick was already looking at him. He didn't like the look. It was a look of greed.

>Steve must have seen something too. "No guys, I mean forty million for the both of you."<br>Rick's gaze snapped over to Steve. It was a gaze that said, 'If you got forty million, I could torture it out of you.'

>Steve met the gaze and held it.<br>"Forty million. Think about it. All the booze and drugs you want.

>You could buy a mansion with a pool, buy any fast car you want.<br>You'll have any woman you want, just waiting on your pleasure. You'll leave all your buddies drooling. There'll be no one that'll NOT want to be you. Work? Forget about it! Hang out in the clubs with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Arnold, Brad Pitt, Cameron Diaz, and Kate Moss. With forty million, what could you not do? All I'm asking for is 10 more minutes of your time! That's it. If I'm not good for my word, then you can go. But I've never let you guys down yet. Ron, remember that 24 year old from Berkley with the long legs and the firm tits? She was snobby as hell but you still wanted her. Didn't I get her for you?"

>Ron's eyes literally glowed. "Yeah man, Yeah!" Ron drooled. Damn, but his pants were tight! It had been a long time since he had enjoyed that legal secretary! He had enjoyed the sexy blonde all night. And it had been incredibly steamy; erotically so. And that hadn't been the only night. On no less than 6 separate occasions, over the 2 months they had been with the man they called Steve, he had had them walking out of prestigious clubs with gorgeous knockdown women on each arm. There had been dirty, jealous, and downright dirty looks shot at them from the men who had failed to do what they did, but it only made him feel more proud.<br>The fact was that Steve made good on his words.

>Ron licked his lips. Forty million dollars. He could do so much with that! He could invest it in stocks, buy computer parts and build himself a custom hacking machine, a car, a house...it was really tempting.<br>"Just ten more minutes," he said.

>Steve spread his hands. "That's it. No less, no more."<br>Looking over at Rick, he noted the predatory stance had relaxed, but only slightly. That was fine, Rick really never relaxed. He was a killer. It had been a worrisome two months with the killer on his payroll.

>"C'mon," Steve waved, leading the troupe up the ramp. He smiled to himself. Appealing to teenage hormones usually worked. And since teenagers rarely thought about anything else but money and women, it was an easy sell.<br>The group entered the velvet darkness. As soon as they entered, medium lights suddenly blossomed above them.

>Before they could even look around, a cavernous voice filled the room.<br>In a soft, but harsh feminine tone, it asked, "Alert. Trespass

>detected. Please state security clearance"<br>Ron's eyes went buggy. Rick's hand flashed to the holster rig beneath his left arm and drew his Beretta.

>"Oh shit!" Ron whispered in fear.<br>With calm deliberation, Steve drew a tape recorder the size of a walkman from inside his coat.

>A voice very feminine voice, laced with sensuality issued from the speakers of the recorder: "Computer override. Erica West. TKR operator 947347 Alpha Alpha Zulu Delta."<br>"Override received. SkyOne welcomes back TKR operator Erica West. All functions are being

brought on-line. Predict 5 minutes until database operational."

>"Yes!" Steve breathed.<br>

>"WARNING!! WARNING!! Primary datacore has received data dump and reformatting. Attempting to retrieve data from backup cores."<br>

>They all froze where they were.<br>

>"WARNING!! WARNING!! Secondary datacore has received data dump and reformatting. Attempting to retrieve data from primary buffers."<br>"Primary buffers retrieval 37 percent successful. Fragmentation of data 98 percent. Attempting data retrieval from secondary buffers."

>"Secondary buffers experiencing errors. Data retrieval unsuccessful. Full data retrieval 37 percent. SkyOne has incomplete data for automated functioning. Recommend full reformat of data storage areas and loading of programs."<br>Steve gnawed on his lower lip. NO! And he was so close. He broke into a brisk walk toward the east stairwell.

>"Steve?" Ron ran after him. "Hey Steve, wait up!"<br>Rick took off after them. The sightseeing could wait.

>The two teens followed Steve as he consulted a mini-notebook in his hand, taking the twists and turns carefully. Soon he came to a doorway, which parted as he got close. Immediately, Steve strode to the only attraction in the room. The object was some sort of large round table with computer monitors and keyboards built into its surface. The feature was repeated numerous times around the slanted surface. Steve sat at one of the terminals and took out his hand-held recorder.<br>He spoke into it.

>"Computer, list all data on the current location of Erica West," said a woman's voice from the speakers. "Access code Zulu Zulu Alpha Alpha Erica West."<br>"Working..."

>"Erica honey, you talk too much when you're intimate," Steve muttered.<br>"Who's Erica?" Ron ventured to ask.

>"Just someone who's in the know," Steve answered in a casual manner.<br>Suddenly, the screen in front of Steve lit up with green letters and

>numbers. He nearly jumped with joy. Quickly, he inserted a<br>re-writable mini-disc into a slot below the screen and copied the

>info. Once done, he keyed for all the information pertaining to Erica West. There was nothing else.<br>"Damn!" he cursed.

>Swiftly, he keyed for the other members of TKR. Parts of DOMINO, BEAST, and DANTE, along with Jenny were found. Everything else had been scrambled and erased. All the info went onto the disc, which he pocketed.<br>"C'mon, what's taking so long?" Ron asked.

>Steve eased out of his seat. "We're done! Let's go!"<br>He led them back into the main bay of SkyOne and down the steps. At the bottom he took in the sparse bay floor. Most of the extra equipment had been moved away. The only things occupying the large space were five tarp-covered objects in their respective parking places.

>"Rick? Ron? This is where you'll get your forty million bucks."<br>He walked over to BEAST and tore away the canvas. It revealed a shiny, black 1997 F-150 Ford 4 X 4. It had ram bumpers on front, jet-black tinted windows and shiny hubcaps. "Meet BEAST."

>Walking over to a shorter profile, he whipped the canvas off to show DOMINO. The second vehicle was a 1997 red Mustang, with twin white strips running down its mid-line. He reached into the glove compartment and took out a thick manual. He gave it to Ron. <br>"This is DOMINO."

>He repeated the motion with another canvas, revealing a dark-silvered Ford Expedition with similar ram bars up front. Steve gave the manual to Rick.<br>Both Rick and Ron looked like they wanted to kill him.

>"Gentlemen, what you are holding in your hands are the manuals to two of the most potent urban killing machines ever devised in human history," he told them. "Each of those vehicles are worth over forty million dollars each."<br>"Killing machines?" Rick cautiously asked, his interest perked.

>"Exactly. Here, let me demonstrate." He gave him a give-me gesture with his hand. Rick handed over the manual. Steve wrote something onto the inside of the front cover, then sauntered over to DANTE. He opened the door and entered the Ford's interior.<br>Immediately, a frame depicting the truck began rotating on one of the screens.

>"Kyle?" A posh English accent asked. The sound came out of nowhere and everywhere in the cab at once.<br>Steve flipped through the manual and stopped. Grinning malevolently, he reached down to the base of the steering column and punched in a code on the keypad located there.

>"Who are-? YOU!" Recognition was evident in the voice. "You cannot-" the voice cut-off as Steve implemented the override code.<br>He looked over to the left as Rick and Ron peered in, smiling at their amazed expressions as they took in the decked out console.

>"This vehicle is named DANTE." He did not tell them about the artificial intelligent computer nestled within the engine. "Rick, this can be your vehicle. You can either keep it, or sell it. But if I were you, I would keep it."<br>Consulting the manual once more, he depressed a trigger on the steering wheel. Small whining sounds could be heard coming from the outside. He stepped out.

>Two circular pods had rolled out from the sides of the truck's sidewall. An appendage, similar to a futuristic cannon, extended from behind the cab's roof.<br>"This is the main weapon for DANTE. You have the option of 40mm heat-seeking or self-guided armour piercing rockets. In the middle you have a 5.56mm mini gun."

>He led the troupe to the front. "Here you have a 20,000 pound winch, plus two high-powered microwave laser beams."<br>"For defense, these vehicles have a very special molecular-bonding shell which will protect you against anything but a direct armour-piercing rocket. It can withstand anything up to and including 40mm rockets. It's also loaded with every electronic active and passive gear designed by the military."

>He handed the manual back to a stunned Rick. "It can run on unleaded, high premium fuel. Rick, Ron, with these machines, you could hit a bank and steal millions. No one could touch you. Absolutely no one."<br>Steve put an arm around Ron and steered him over to DOMINO. "See this beauty here? It looks like a normal car, it burns fuel like a normal car, but with your smarts, and this manual, you'll be able to make millions."

>Ron licked his lips. Whoah. This was heavy.<br>Steve snapped his fingers as if he suddenly remembered something. Taking the manual from Ron, he wrote the override code into the book, then entered it into DOMINO.

>"Hello? Jenny? Just what do you THINK YOU'RE DOING!" DOMINO protested before the override code silenced her. He then popped the hood, reached in and removed something, then did the same to DANTE.<br>"There. Tracking device all removed."

>Just then, a loud boom echoed from outside the plane.<br>Rick slapped leather and made his way to the ramp, Beretta in hand.

>He carefully peered around the edge.<br>"Hey you! Freeze!" a voice



yelled. Rick jerked back as automatic gunfire blasted into the pylon he was hiding behind. He fired his gun blindly backwards, racing back towards the vehicles.

>"Shit!" he yelled. "Bug out!"<br>"Oh shit!" Ron said. "It's the Feds!"

>"Get in your car!" Steve yelled to Ron. Damn kid, he was of no use to him if he was dead.<br>Both Rick and Ron broke for their respective vehicles and jumped in.

>Steve hit the red button marked 'ignition' right above the keypad. With a turbine roar, the engine started up beautifully. He was never so glad to hear a car engine in his life. Looking around, he discovered that Rick and Ron hadn't discovered the ignition button yet.<br>Damn. He couldn't afford to wait for them. He threw his truck into gear and punched the accelerator.

>The black F-150 tore out of its parking space and raced past the two other vehicles, just as their engines started. He hit the ramp, going full speed. Figures dressed in dark combat uniforms, sporting combat webbing filled with deadly gear, leaped or dove out of his way. Flinching from bullets that hit the windows close to him, he crunched onto the concrete floor, then roared into the open space once occupied by what had to have been hanger doors.<br>Steve drove like a madman, following the sparse gravel road that lead away from the complex. Bullets slammed into the rear of his truck, bouncing off the strong armoured shell. Vague shapes of people and trucks could be seen whipping past on either side of him. He risked a glance at the rear-view mirror, in time to see two more pair of headlights come roaring out of the building and follow him.

>But in front of him lay an open path. There was no one to stop him.<br>The cold smile returned to his lips.

>"I'm coming Erica, sweetie. Time to pay the piper."<br>

><br>Ron gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles were white. His heart hammered painfully in his chest. He tore down the ramp and slammed into the concrete.

>'Oh God, please don't let me die!' he begged.<br>He felt more than heard a bullet snap in front of his face as he passed the threshold and into darkness. Out of sheer reflexes, he flinched backwards and tilted the steering wheel to the left. The Mustang, doing forty-seven miles an hour, began sliding.

>Ron, half frightened to death already, hung on for dear life. He spun around twice before sliding to a stop on the grass. A pillow of dust drifted along the dirt road.<br>He never saw the ruby red laser beam that cut through the dust like a sword. The dot landed on his forehead. Suddenly, a red-hot pain burst forth from Ron's head...then darkness overtook him.

>Rick barrelled down the ramp with the accelerator pinned to the floor. He watched with aloofness as Ron spun out and was shot. Racing past the immobile Mustang, he guided the Ford Expedition along the dirt road with practiced hands. Bullets slammed into the vehicle. He involuntarily winced, but was amazed when no bullet came bursting through the glass or metal.<br>Red tail-lights rose and crested a rise ahead of him, then disappeared into darkness. Ruts and potholes slammed the chassis of the truck around, bouncing Rick in his seat. He fought and guided the truck, willing it not to slide. The speedometer topped 50; he was not willing to go any faster. The sounds of firing faded behind him as he left their attackers behind.

>Cresting the hill, he saw a turn coming up. From the trip in he knew it led to a straight-away that would lead out of the forest, and back into L.A.<br>"Wooo!" he yelled. Adrenaline pumped his body. His mind flew in all directions. If this truck did what Steve said it could

do, he had plans...

><br>

>The long limousine inched forwards a few yards. Traffic was back to back on the busiest Freeway in the City of Angels.<br>Inside, resting on the plush rear-most seat, a well-dressed man divided his attention between the T.V. monitor and the cell-phone next to his ear.

>"Yes?"<br>"There were problems. Three person's, no identity, showed before we did. We lost two of them, along with two pieces of merchandise. The third we stopped, but he won't be of any use to us."

>Gripping the phone tightly, the man shut off the T.V., giving the conversation is undivided attention. 'Merchandise' meant vehicles and 'won't be of any use' meant they killed the escapee.<br>Knowing they could not go into any detail over the air, the man spoke with an underlying anger. "I shall expect a report in an hour."

>'Yes sir. We're moving out now."<br>He hung up, then hit the speed-dial.

>"Hello?" a sultry woman's voice answered.<br>"Cancel my date for tonight," he said.

>"Yes sir," the woman answered. She would see to the no-show fee that would be paid automatically, as well as a little extra. There was no need to ask; it was what he paid her for.<br>"Also, please relay my apologies to the Governor. I will be delayed an hour for our late dinner."

>"Yes sir, anything else?"<br>Listening to her voice tempted him. He had been looking forward to a night of relaxation and feminine company. But the current crisis had overwhelmed that need.

>"No, that will be all."<br>He hung up and pocketed the phone, then clicked on the T.V. Pouring himself some Scotch-on-Rocks, he informed the driver to head back to his office.

>His eyes watched CNN, but his mind was elsewhere. There would be retribution for this set-back, and he knew exactly who to blame. Employees did not go into business for themselves and betray him easily.<br>Author's note: Story will be continued at

<http://www.themestream.com>

>Look under the Topic: Arts - Fiction and Literature - Science Fiction and Fantasy<br>

End  
file.